

THE
INCHANTED GARDEN,
A
VISION

By R. BUGGIN. Gent.

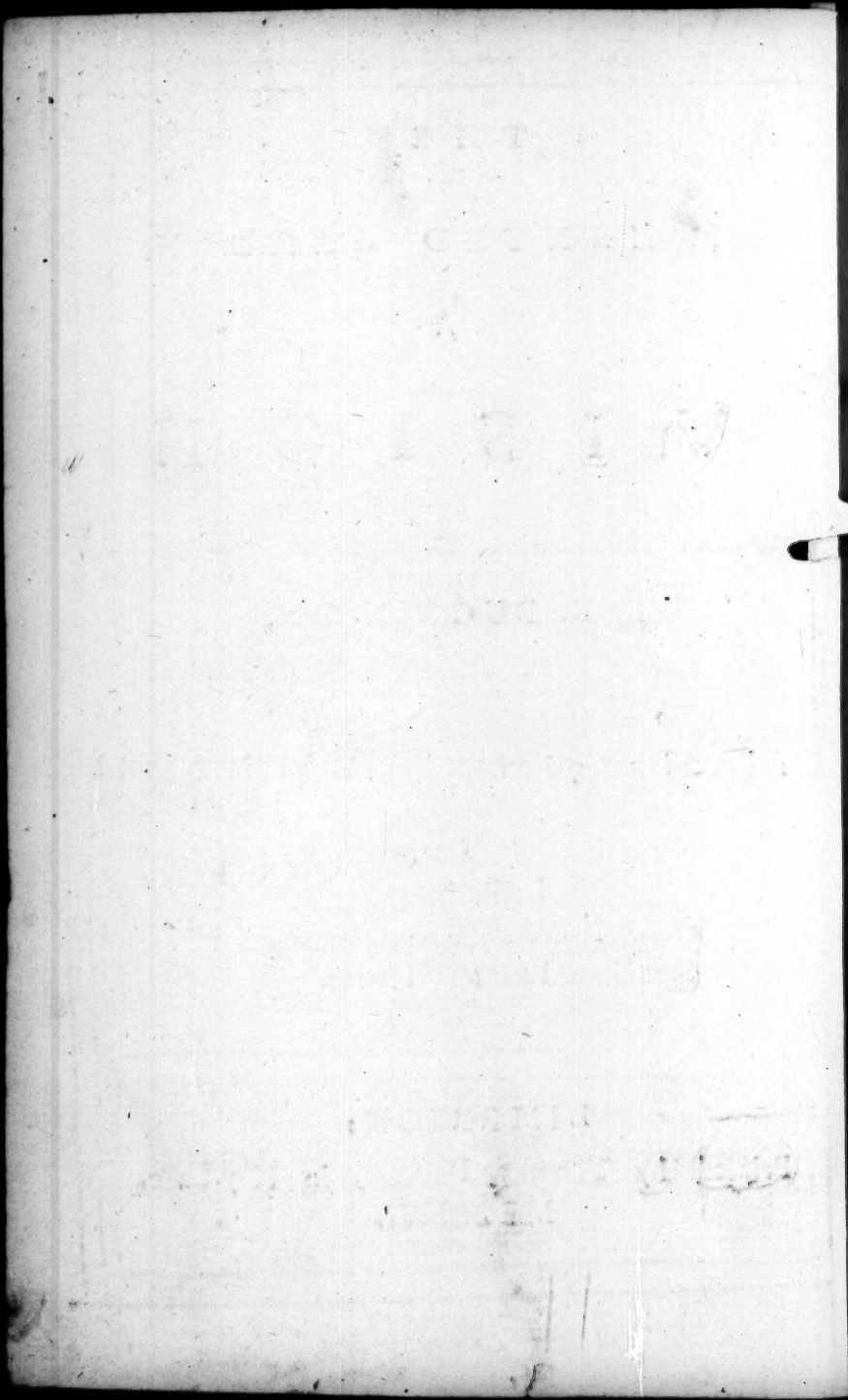
Credimus? an, qui amant ipsi sibi somnia fingunt?
Virg:

An vitiiis carentem
Ludit imago

Vana, quæ porta fugiens eburna
Somnium ducit? Horat.

LIMERICK:

Printed by Thomas Brangan, in Key-Lane,
MDCCXVI.



The P R E F A C E.

NOT a vain Opinion of my Writings, nor that I believe any Faults in them will pass by unobserv'd ; but the Requests of several Persons (for whom I have a more than ordinary Regard) perswaded me to publish the following Poem. I wrote it to divert some leisure Hours, and not with a Design of having it pass the Press ; otherwise, shou'd have been more exact in the Composure of it : But since it is now to take its Fate on the publick Stage of Criticism, I think my self oblig'd to make some Apologies for it.

The Character of that great and inimitable Prince, whom I have, tho' but faintly touch'd upon, is of so large an Extent for Wisdom and Piety, Valour and Conduct, Justice and Clemency, and every other Virtue, with which Mankind can be endow'd, that it is no Wonder, if I have failed in the due Performance of it : A Character so extensively glorious, that I dare assert, the most correct Writers of the Age will own, that they, at the best, can only draw a faint Copy of that great Original.

The other Characters were sent to me by several Hands : Who they mean, I am an intire Stranger ; but have some Reason to believe, that they are altogether as Fictitious as the Vision : Therefore, if, in

A 2

the

The PREFACE.

the following Piece, any should, or at least fancy they do, see any Resemblance of themselves, I desire they will not lay in their Claim; but impute it to the Effect of Chance, and not Design: For as amongst a Number of Pictures, so in different Characters, it is possible to find one that may in some Manner assume our own Likeness, tho' drawn an hundred Years ago.

There are some who will by no Means allow the last Poem I wrote to be my own. I know not who they father it upon; but I am sure, whoever the Gentleman is, they do him more Injustice than me. If they believe some Part of it stol'n, then indeed the Wrong is done only to my self; for certainly my Judgment must err very egregiously, to steal from so indifferent an Author, as the best of those Lines can challenge: But, however, be it as they please, I will freely forgive them, if they will endeavour to persuade the World to have the same Opinion of this; for they will thereby free me from the Censure it very justly deserves.

THE

THE
INCHANTED GARDEN, &c.

CANTO I.

GUIDE me, O Venus, Darling of Mankind ;
Inspire my Thoughts, and beautify my Mind :
As thou art fair, so let my Lines be sweet ;
And in just Language, without Discords, meet.
Lead me to thy great Shrine, where Cupids play ;
And in soft Pleasures, wanton Time away :
There let me see how pointed Arrows fly ;
How Nymphs and Swains dissolve in Extasy :
Why Love, as soon as known, creates Desire ;
Why in Enjoyment the fond Pair expire :
Why Hate fills one, why Love another rules,
And whence proceeds such difference in Souls.
Teach me all these ; be Guardian of my Muse,
And bright Ideas, as I write, infuse.

Whilst

Whilst I relate, O Goddess, aid my Thought,
What Things in Dreams my roving Fancy brought.

When Elves and Fairies unrestrain'd by Bounds,
On beaten Circles dance their airy Rounds;
And restless Phantoms, freed from lower Shades,
Glide over chalky Cliffs, or flow'ry Meads.
When stalking Ghosts their troubled Minds declare,
And Witches ride on Broomsticks thro' the Air:
Musing I lay, by various Cares oppress'd,
And lab'ring Thought deny'd me quiet Rest.
A thousand Times I turn'd, and sought th' Abode,
And soft Recesses of the leaden God.
Here I reflected on th' Affairs of State,
And found the Virtuous now, were only great.

Virtue once more o'er Britain's Court presides;
George fills the Throne, and governs as she bids.
Impartial Justice with the Monarch reigns;
Yet, Mercy pleading, Lenity obtains.
Reward to Merit is again restor'd;
Thus C-----r has the Mace, M-----h the Sword;
S-----pe's great Genius, with un-erring Hand,
Guides the State Pen, and G-----n Ireland.

Whilst thus revolving on this Scene of Joys,
Morpheus was pleas'd to close my willing Eyes:

A while in pleasing Slumbers as I lay,
 Forgetting all the Toyls of mispent Day;
 Methought I was, where various Flowers grew,
 Rang'd on a Terras open to the View.
 Not all the Colours of the painted Bow,
 Nor the Perfumes the Eastern Climes bestow,
 Could rival those; they look'd so gay, so bright,
 As if the Earth had labour'd with Delight,
 To gratify at once, the Smell and Sight.

But as I nearer drew, and thought to reach
 A new blown Rose, my Arm refus'd to Stretch:
 A sudden trembling seiz'd on ev'ry Limb,
 My Blood ran shudd'ring, and my Eyes grew dim:
 When strait a full blown Rose, tho' fresh and clear,
 Call'd out aloud, forbear, rash Youth, forbear;
 Thou know'st not where thou art, nor who we are,

To you, indeed, we seem of Flora's Bower;
 But we are more; curie on the magick Power!
 That thus transform'd us from our nat'ral State.
 And keeps us here to mourn our abject Fate.
 That Rose, which you endeavour'd to destroy,
 Is Millicent, the Daughter of my earliest Joy.
 You know her well, and when your tuneful Lays
 Proclaim'd her Worth, tho' lavish in her Praise:
 They Styl'd her vertuous, sweet, and innocent,
 Charming as Gods cou'd frame, or Thought invent.
 And

And so she was to me ; but now, alas,
That tender Flow'r engrosses all she was.

A Load of diff'rent Thoughts at once possess
My crouded Mind, and ev'ry Sense oppress:
A cold, damp Sweat distill'd thro' ev'ry Pore:
My Hair grew stiff, my Heart such Throbings bore,
And agonizing Pains ne'er felt before.
My lab'ring Tongue thrice strove to ease my Doubt,
And fail'd as often ; not one Word wou'd out:
When lo ! a tall black Man, with meager Face,
As thus I mus'd, advanc'd with solemn Pace:
Long matted Hair upon his shoulders flow'd,
And Furrows, Marks of Age, his Forehead show'd:
His Eyes deep sunk, whence Rheum distilling, spread
Thro' Crevices, its scalding Heat had made:
His grissled Chin, tho' of the largest Size,
His monstrous Snout did scarcely equalize.
Thus he approach'd, 'till coming near the Place,
Where I astonish'd stood with dire Amaze;
With magick Wand, thrice smote the trembling Earth,
Then, in an hollow Tone, these Words broke forth.

Unhappy Youth, by what sad Chance miss'd,
Have you adventur'd on this Ground to tread ;
From whence no Mortal e'er return'd to tell.
What Things he saw, or what him here besel ?

Make

Mark with a curious Eye, those painted Flow'rs,
 As they stand rang'd by my enchanting Pow'rs :
They once were human Creatures, and had Will,
 To actuate in either good or ill ;
 But now, transform'd to other Shapes by me,
 They nought can do without my Liberty.
 He Spoke, and strait my Tongue, before restrain'd,
 Its wonted Faculty of Speech regain'd.

Forgive me ; aged Sir, this Fault, said I,
 Committed thro' an Inadvertency ;
 I know not where I am, nor how I came
 Within your Bounds, nor ever heard your Fame ;
 Permit me to return, my Passport give,
 My Youth pleads strong, desirous yet to live :
 What 'Vantage can you boast to let me lie,
 Condemn'd t' inglorious inactivity ?
 Hark, How the World with Fame and Glory rings !
 The best of Masters, and the best of Kings,
 Albion's great Monarch bids to Arms prepare,
 To save a Nation scarcely worth his Care :
 His Gen'als march, and as they George proclaim,
 Each Rebel trembles at the glorious Name.
 The factious Crowd at length desert their Chiefs,
 And W-----s at P-----n gains immortal Wreaths.

Nexr view the Northern Field, where Highland Clans
 Mad with rebellious Rage, arm S-----d's Plains:

See Villany disguis'd in pompous Dress,
 Their only Stay, and Basis of Success,
 Amidst their ill form'd Lines; whilst Honour flies
 Their hated Camp, and cursed Perjuries.

Here Britain's Loyal Sons in Arms appear,
 Whose Leaders are estrang'd to guilty Fear:
 The Onset made, the Rebel Squadrons fly,
 And leave A-----le posses'd of Victory.

What Youth inspir'd with Love, and honest Zeal,
 For George's Interest, and his Country's Weal:
 The Thoughts of rusting in soft Ease can bear,
 When Trumpet's Sounds proclaim a civil War?

O mighty Prince, how have thy Virtues sav'd
 From Rain's Jaws, a Nation just enslav'd:
 When Liberty, Delight of all, began to nod,
 And Popish Power shook her bloody Rod,
 Threat'ning with reeking Gore our Isle to fill,
 Like Heaven he came, and crush'd the growing ill.

The sinking State now rears its sickly Head,
 Begins to bloom (blessing his timely aid)
 With lasting Peace in View, and advantageous Trade:
 So at the Sun's approach, each drooping Flow'r,
 Surcharg'd with Rain, reviving owns its Pow'r.

Vain thy Attempts, vain are thy best Efforts;
 Vain are the study'd Policies of Courts;

Vain

Vain are thy Northern Friends, or French Allies;
Vain are the Plots which Jacobites devise,
O Perkin, to oppose so great a Prince,
Whom Heav'n preserves, and arms in his Defence.
Tho' all the World their Forces should unite,
And in thy cause arm'd Legions bring to fight:
The impious Croud great Jove would soon disperse,
And Crown him Lord of all the Universe.
So Turnus to destroy the Trojan Line,
Tho' Juno's self did in the Quarrel joyn,
Vainly endeavour'd: For by Fate's Decree,
Unalterable as their Deity:
A Race of Heroes from them were to spring,
To awe Mankind, and give the World a King.

Mean while the Magus look'd with downcast Eyes,
And mutt'ring to himself with some surprize:
All Arguments are vain, your Doom is seal'd;
So Fate ordains, nor can it be repeal'd.
Alas, said I, can nothing move your Breast?
Is Pity fled, and must I fall at last?
Yet e'er my Transmutation, let me know
The Characters of those, who now are so.

Then to be brief, altho' the Task is hard,
The Sage reply'd, for yet no ancient Bard,
Nor modern Poet has exactly Sung,
The various Colours Woman can put on:

(If virtuous and fair, where can we find
 A Pen to reach her Praise ? But if inclin'd
 To Vanity, Conceit, and taking to Excess,
 Then something more's requir'd, than Satyr can ex-
 I'll now begin, and use my utmost Art, (press)
 To draw them to the Life, in ev'ry Part.

That tall, freight Tulip near the grated Doors,
 Whose paler Leaves o'ertop her Sister Flow'rs,
 Is Melissinda, Daughter of a G---ce,
 Tho' France, or Spain wou'd say a spurious Race.
 Lovely she was, and as she walk'd along,
 None saw, but sigh'd, and were as soon undone :
 Her Shape was fine, and pleasing was her Air,
 Prais'd by the Swains, and envy'd by the Fair :
 The same Advantage cou'd her Face have shar'd,
 Hellen had been a Foil with her compar'd.

Here Strephon found the pleasing Pains of Love,
 Nor wish'd the Chains, tho' heavy, to remove :
 The little God allur'd him by Degrees,
 Into his Snare guilded with Extacies.
 So harmless Fish, not knowing the Deceit,
 Are often caught by playing with the Bait.
 He loads her Altars with sincerest Vows,
 For Melissinda's Name Angellick grows.
 The Nymph, right Woman, fond of Qu---ty,
 Receives his Suit : L--d, cou'd she well deny !

Yet

Yet keeps him at the Bay with artful Skill
Pleading Obedience to a Father's Will.
The burning Flames which lay so long conceal'd
From all the World, but her, are now reveal'd :
The Father chides the Maid, who drown'd in Tears,
Urging her Innocence and tender Years,
Sues for Remission : He with Pity mov'd,
Pardons the Fault. Not that he disapprov'd
The Choice she made, but acting secretly,
Shewing that Censure has a lusy Eye:
Besides, says he, in such a World we live,
One Blot destroys what Ages can't retrieve:

See yonders Sun-flow'r in the Height of Pride,
Spreading its painted Leaves, by Flora dy'd;
'Tis Celia, who of late the Mistress was
Amongst the Maids, and govern'd by her Law:
Tho' past her Bloom, with proud and sullen Air,
She seem'd to slight what was her only Care:
Ne'er fail'd in Publick to explode Mankind;
Yet secretly for her Love Thirsis pin'd.
Not but the Hero his Addresses made,
And push'd for Joys, too fierce to be delay'd.
At length the Nymph confess'd a growing Flame,
Call'd it Respect- then blu'h'd with Virgin Shame:
But now grown Bolder, urg'd their speedy Flight,
There to consummate Hymen's sacred Rite.

Here

Here paus'd the Youth ; and then reply'd with Sighs,
 Well seeing thro' the thin veil'd Artifice,
 My Celia, tho' I love you to Excess,
 And place in you my chiefeft Happinefs ;
 Yet cannot think of purchasing Delight,
 When your fair Character may suffer by't.
 How will the World maliciously improve
 The Story told, and ridicule my Love ?
 Each Scribbling Poetaster will declaim
 In borrow'd Rhymes, and gingle out your Name.
 Besides, when the grave Sen-----tor shall hear, (where,
 You've left your Friends, and gone the Lord knows
 He'll rave, he'll swear, like one in frantick Fever,
 And blot my Celia from his Will for ever.

Yon Lilly shelter'd from the Northern Wind,
 By that of fuller Growth, to th' South reclin'd,
 And seems to Guard it with maternal Care,
 Once bore the Name of Phillida the Fair.
 The Flow'r to which she's chang'd, in'ts Excellence,
 Is not more spotless than her Innocence.
 A modest Freedom did her Actions steer ;
 Her Temper not too loose, nor too severe,
 Not over talkative, yet stor'd with Wit,
 Sufficient to discern the Use of it.
 A Beauteous Face, and pleasing Carriage joyn'd
 All these unrival'd Graces of her Mind.

Don Floredeluc, among th' admiring Croud,
 Who thrice fifteen cold Winter's Storms had stood, }
 Courted young Phillis, and for Marriage su'd.
 But she, maugre his fierce Addresses, gave,
 As fierce Denyals to th' inamour'd Slave :
 Judging the Stock too old to graft upon,
 So to unite to make them Bone of Bone.

That lonely Pink with inward Fury burns ;
 Yet seems to glory in the Loss she mourns :
 'Tis poor forsaken Julia, who may give
 Maidens a Warning, how they Men believe.

Young Corridon bred up in active Arms,
 Admir'd the Nymph, and prais'd her glowing Charms,
 At first he thought to dally with the Flame ;
 But Cupid, who design'd an after Game,
 With pointed Arrows did fierce Love create
 In both their Breasts, then left th' Event to Fate.
 The youthful Swain thus fir'd, his Suit renew'd
 With double Vigour, and the Nymgh pursu'd:
 Swore by the sacred Tyes of Nuptial Laws,
 His Love was real, as indeed it was.
 Julia, for equal Love her Soul employs,
 Quickly consented to compleat their Joys.
 Friends were consulted, Approbation given ;
 Thus steer'd the Youth towards his wish'd for Haven.

But

But see how Fate maliciously contriv'd
To thwart their Joys, t' a Period just arriv'd.

No sooner was the News dispers'd Abroad,
Among the giddy, busy, whisp'ring Croud,
That Corridon, to prove his Love was true,
Wou'd marry Julia, and himself undoe;
But those who were his Friends, hasten'd him gone,
Urging, he wou'd repent the Deed when done.
He prudently advis'd, and found it true,
So left the City, and his Mistress too.
Four Moons are past, yet still the Loss she grieves,
Seeks lonely Shades, and in Retirement lives.
So the forsaken Turtles cooing mourn
Their absent Mates, expecting their return.

Can so much Perfidy in Mankind reign?
Are Oaths and Vows to Heaven made in Vain?
Can they delude young Virgin Innocence;
Retreat at Will, and think it no Offence?
If so, fond Maids, their damn'd Delusions fly,
Or guard your Hearts against their Treachery.

Hark, and the bright Carnation I'll unveil,
Whose Leaves expand wth ev'ry whisp'ring Gale.
See how th' unbounded Rage of swelling Pride,
Strong as the Ocean, driv'n by Wind and Tide;

Has burst th' Inclosures of the flowing Sweets,
Which she at thoughtful Hours, with Pain regrets.
For tho' the Shape is chang'd, the Mind retains
Its sev'ral Passions, and a Curb disdains.

Chloris, for that's her Name, was brisk and gay,
And 'mongst the fair Ones bore an equal Sway:
A fav'rite Chin-patch of the largest Size,
Did all the Features of her Face disguise;
Whilst Affectation, an attending Slave
To female Pride, a firain'd Court Carriage gave:
Tho' at the Play, or Ball, or grand Parade,
Chloris a good Appearance always made;
But at a Ball it was her Faculty,
To give half Promises to two or three;
Which often caus'd Disputes, and sometimes rose,
(From which preserve us Heav'n!) to threat'ning Blows.

Young Theophrastus with a good Address,
Courtèd this Nymph, and not without Success.
Vows were repaid with Vows, and Love with Love;
All Things seem'd fix'd, and all the Match t' approve:
'Till some malicious Tongue whisper'd the Fair,
Fly Theophrastus, or you ruin'd are:
Long since his Vows were to another given,
And those confirm'd at Church, and seal'd in Heav'n.
Not with more Hate did Daphne fly Jove's Son,
Than Chloris did this young Deluder shun;

She rail'd, she rav'd, curs'd her ill fated Stars,
And vow'd Celibacy, half drown'd in Tears :
But soon her Passion cool'd, again she strove,
With Charms display'd to gain a second Love.

So when at Sea, the swelling Surges rise,
And Boreas bellows thro' the gloomy Skies,
Threat'ning Destruction to the lab'ring Ship,
Unable now to plough the foaming Deep ;
The trembling Passenger, half dead with Fear,
Recounts his Sins, and supplicates with Prayer,
Great Jove to land him on his native Shore,
And vows he'll trust the dang'rous Seas no more:
But when the Storm is past, the Hopes of Gain,
Urges him still to sail the liquid Main.

THE

T H E
INCHANTED GARDEN, &c.

C A N T O II.

AND now the Sage, with seeming Courtesy,
Thro' a sad blighted Grove conducted me.
Here, Cypresses in wild Disorder grew,
There, baleful Ews restrain'd the eager View:
Here Ravens pearch'd, there sat the blot'd Toad,
And hissing Snakes proclaim'd a dang'rous Road.
Un-hurt I follow'd, as he led the Way,
'Till a fair Vine tempted our willing Stay:
Its loaded Branches ripen'd Clusters bore,
Which yielded Pleasure with their juicy Store.

O lovely Grape! what pleasing Charms thou hast!
How great thy Force! How exquisite thy Taste!

By thee, the nodding Senses strait revive,
 And brighten into Thoughts, nought else can give:
 Sad Care disperses, Joy its Place supplies,
 Misers grow gen'rous, Cowards Honour prize.
 What pow'rful Seeds, what curious Atoms joyn'd
 To form thy Origine ? Nature her self was kind,
 Whilst Earth, Seas, Air, and Fire their choicest Stores
 (combin'd:

Returning now by sev'ral winding Ways,
 Whose tainted Soil scarce felt Sol's chearful Rays;
 We came at length in View of that fair Place,
 Where Nature seem'd to smile with beauteous Face.
 As we approach'd, each rising Flow'r put on
 A double Lustre, 'waken'd by the Sun.

Here smil'd the Magus with distorted Sneer,
 Then ask'd the Reason, when I first came there,
 Why amongst all those beauteous Flow'rs I chose
 That tender Bud, and pointed to the Rose.

Something innate, said I, urg'd the Design,
 I had to make that Rose for ever mine :
 (And tho' its Beauty, since we went away,
 Is blotch'd with Stains, Desire feels no Decay.
 True Love, like Fate, no Alteration knows,
 Fix'd its Resolves against invading Blows.)

But

But when t' extend my eager Arm I strove,
 Enflam'd with hasty Joy, th' Excess of Love,
 My Spirits flag'd, my Blood forgot to move.
 Thus disappointed, and the Blessing near,
 Made me all Rage, all Madness, all Despair,
 Confusion seiz'd me, and --- ---

He stop'd me here.

Not yet, says he, my promis'd Task is done,
 Hear me a while, and then he thus went on.

Since for that Rose y' expresses such great Desire,
 The Blaze shall turn to a more solid fire;
 A pure ætherial Fire, a lasting Flame
 Shall warm your Breast. Just at that Instant came
 Young Cupid flying thro' the balmy Space,
 On Wings expanded, as in eager Chace.
 An Alteration seiz'd me, Love stole in,
 And soon diffus'd it self thro' ev'ry Vein.
 I gaz'd, I sigh'd; and then I gaz'd again
 On the lov'd Flow'r, which still increas'd my Pain;
 Then begg'd the Sage the Riddle to explain.

That Vegetable, which distracts your Mind,
 Was Milly once; the Joy of all Mankind:
 Possess'd of all the Charms, that Love can paint
 On am'rous Breasts, or Fancy represent.
 Language is too enervate to display
 Those Beau'ys lavish Nature stamp'd on Clay:

Nay

Nay more, Imagination, heighten'd by Desire,
Mounted on airy Wings, wou'd flag and tire.

Methought, my Soul was ravish'd with Delight,
Like joyful Bridegrooms on the Wedding Night,
At the lov'd Tale: I begg'd him to go on ;
So fond we are to listen, tho' undone.

Narcissus, Terror to the beauteous Train,
For whom a thousand Virgins sigh in vain,
Confess'd that Milly's Charms had Pow'r to move
His Tyrant Heart, and kindle Flames of Love.
Transported once with am'rous Warmth, he said,
Milly shall be----- What? Why, the happy Maid.
Now you must understand, Narcissus was
Strangely affected, and among the Class
Of self Admirers: He ne'er fail'd at Church
(Settling his Wigg first in the jutting Porch)
To front the Fair, smiling on ev'ry One,
Sure of a Billet-Doux next rising Sun.

Ah, heedless Maids! why will ye tempt your Fate?
Come veil'd to Church, lest ye repent too late.
And you, Narcissus, the reflecting Glass
Avoid with Care, lest Puffs ends your Days.

Those double Daffys, near the Water Side,
Fet by the Sweets of ev'ry burthen'd Tide,

Are Cajo's Offspring, who was always just
To GEORGE's Int'rest, and his Country's Trust.

Flavia the eldest, tho' of lowest Size,
Valu'd her self for being over nice;
Not in Respect of Dress, but in the Care
Of keeping the severest Character.

To dance with One so lately known, she cry'd,
Avert it Heavens! Honour does forbid.

Lydia, the youngest, was not so reserv'd;
Yet, an unstained Character preserv'd:
Her Mind was not by those strict Rules restrain'd,
Nor rigid Principles of Virtue feign'd.
An easy flowing Temper calm'd her Brow,
Ready t' oblige, where Prudence wou'd allow.
With these Advantages, high Altars blaz'd,
With Piles of Billet-doux to Lydia rais'd:
Whilst Flavia was neglected by the Swains,
Which she, with Sighs in secret oft complains.

The fair Ones of the Town, I know not why,
(For into Woman's Thoughts, we seldom pry,
So unresolv'd they are, and intricate,
What pleases now, to morrow causes Hate)
Seem'd to dislike them: Nay, the Nymphs have mourn'd
Their civil Visits often unreturn'd.

Pursuing his Discourse, he bid me View
A slender Junquil, ting'd with dusky Hue;

The

The Colour not unlike the fragrant Hoard
 Of clammy Sweets in waxen Cells, secur'd :
 'Tis young Aurelia, tho' of Olive Dye,
 Related to the Staffian Family.
 Her piercing Eyes gave Lustre to her Face,
 Resembling Diamonds in jetty Case :
 Tho' a malicious Youth was wont to say,
 They look'd like Sloes stuck in a Piece of Clay.

Detraction ! basely born, bred up at Court,
 Coward by Nature, busy with Report :
 Parent of Discord, Envy's Darling Heir,
 Blam'd, yet encourag'd by each list'ning Ear.
 At first the Hag in private Whispers came,
 When e'er she labour'd to destroy a Name :
 Grown bolder now, without Disguise appears
 At Levies, Stews, Churches and Theatres :
 At liquid Feasts the Fury most prevails,
 Where Indian Weed, or Gossip's Bowl regales.
 In Britain's Court, 'till George the Scepter bore,
 She reign'd and triumph'd with a seeming Pow'r.

But to proceed, Aurelia's Shape and Air
 Employ'd some Pens in writing Charmer, Dear-----
 Nor did she want, what Females most admire,
 Youths fraught with Love, and panting with Desire.
 Her Tongue in Silence knew not how to lie ;
 A perfect Enemy to Taciturnity.

Philander

Philander seem'd to like this prattling Maid:
 She, unexperient'd in the artful Trade
 Of making Love, too readily believ'd,
 And so was soon, tho' harmlesly deceiv'd.
 Aurelia, now, assum'd a graver Air,
 Convinc'd that her Philander was sincere:
 But, like a Man of Honour, when he found
 The list'ning Maid too easily gave Ground,
 Fearful to carry on the Jest too far,
 Retreated by Degrees, from Love and her.

See, how young Sappho hangs her drooping Head;
 Pensive, tho' Mistress of the Violet Bed.
 In purple Dye the tedious Day she grieves,
 And when the silent Night closes her Leaves,
 The falling Dews supply the Want of Tears,
 Whilst she indulges Melancholly Cares.
 The Nymph read much, on useful Books intent;
 In Language soft, tho' not in Argument,
 Her Face indeed, could not much Beauty boast,
 The Rosy Blush was never there, or lost:
 But Wit and Virtue, Beauties of the Mind,
 Made large Amends, and with much Sweetness shin'd
 Thro' all her Actions, with becoming Grace:
 These are the Merits of deserving Praise!

When the bright Eyes their fading Lustre mourn
 And glowing Cheeks to sickly fallow turn:

D

Nay

Nay, when grim Death, the Terror of Mankind,
 Shall break Life's Chain, and shake the guilty Mind;
 Vertue shall bloom, and mount us to the Skies,
 Whilst Choirs of Angels sing our Obsequies.

Sena, tho' now she bears the Poppy's Form,
 Had some resileless Qualities to charm.

Imprimis, she could megg her pretty Chin,
 And keep in Time with Flute, or Violin.

Tell meggings Stories with an artful Grace;
 Viz. You're a pretty pop--ing, pop--ing Lass:

Rather than go to Bed without your Supper,
 Wou'd you not pop for under Crust or upper?
 You'l never leave, you won't, your pop--ing Trade,
 'Till you're popt, and popt, and popt again you Jade.

Thus Sena, in this mystick Dialect,
 Wou'd entertain those worthy of Respect:
 It once embroyl'd her, tho' without much Hurt;
 She askt Forgiveness, and was sorry for't.
 Then she wou'd prattle like a Parrokeet,
 Having no mean Opinion of her Wit:
 But Wit misus'd, like ill spent Wealth, betrays
 The Want of Judgment, seldom gaining Praise.
 Her Air, her Shape, her Features cou'd attract,
 Comely, tho' not with Beauty's Mold exact.

Thro' Love's Perspective Guido saw this Maid,
 Each little Folly some Perfection had.

Suc

Such Force has Love, it drives the Sense astray,
 And leads us hoodwink'd thro' the dang'rous Way.
 Deaf to th' Advice of those, who plainly view
 The Toils and Hazards thoughtless we pursue ;
 Tho' Rocks and Shelves we blindly hurry on,
 And ne'er look backwards, 'till we are undone.

So Marriners, by Syren's Notes misled,
 Sail briskly forward, and no Danger dread ;
 'Till bulging on some Quicksand's fatal Heap,
 Mourn the sad Elegy she sings amidst the Deep:

Near that fam'd Villa, where the Shannon glides
 In Silver Streams, and fortifies its Sides ;
 Where Don Diego's Army made Retreat,
 With great Henrique's to capitulate ;
 Mira, and Mirabella liv'd, they were
 The Daughters of a well known Che---er,
 The first had solid Judgment to define
 Mysterious Causes, nat'ral and divine.
 How flying Atoms form'd Earth, Seas and Skies,
 And how their Motions in just Order rise.
 Why solid Seeds in meeting do rebound,
 And why the loose more easily compound.
 Well read in Metaphysicks, she cou'd treat
 Of super-nat'ral Causes, Light and Heat.

For Beauty, Air, and Symmetry of Dress,
 A sprightly Wit, and ready Reporters,

Th' other was fam'd: Both in Opinion strong;
 Assur'd no Judgment cou'd exceed their own.
 Thus arm'd they were: Now listen to the Case
 Of a poor Rhymèr damn'd to's very Face.

Mira began, something to this Effect,
 Speaking of L-----k with much Disrespect,
 Oh hated Place! the Name offends my Ear,
 Not one conversable inhabits there!
 Oh yes, there's Milly, Lord! what Small-beer Cur,
 That fullsome Panegyrick wrote on her!
 Not but the Poet did with Cunning chuse
 A Subject suited to his barren Muse.
 Then Mirabella smartly did alledge,
 'Twas justly call'd the F O I L, it had no Edge.

Mean while the Author sicken'd into Rage,
 Mutt'ring Revenge, yet fearful to engage.
 'Twixt two Extreame he chose the silent Road,
 Consenting to their Judgments with a Nod,
 Conscious of his Defects; besides he knew
 The Disadvantage of encount'ring two.

Long Time the Heroines bore tyrannick Sway,
 Enlarg'd their Conquests, and unrival'd lay,
 'Till unrelentless Time caus'd some decay.
 But see their Bloom again renew'd by me,
 They blossom now, on yonders Lemon Tree.

That

That Jessamin, whose fragrant Leaves diffuse
Pleasing Perfumes, renew'd by falling Dews ;
Celinda was ; she had a sprightly Air,
And Colonel was call'd among the Fair.
The Height of Vertue was her chiefest Aim ;
Good Manners and good Humour were the same.
Whilst others labour'd at the silent Glass,
T' excel in Beauty with some new form'd Grace ;
Nature, without the Help of study'd Dress,
Improv'd her Charms, unskill'd in Artifice.

Blest with these Charms, Crouds of Admirers came,
Paying Devotion to Celinda's Name :
Soft Murmurs, stealing Sighs, and Hope and Fear,
Where e'er she came, proclaim'd some Lover near.

Calisto, vers'd in Poetry, appear'd
Among the Number, yet no Danger fear'd.
Lampoon'd the Fair, and made the sullen Prude
Forbear decrying what she dearly lov'd :
Whilst the Coquet, by his persuasive Art,
Married, and acted the sincerer Part.
The sharp nos'd Nymphs their sharper Tongues re-
And by Nutations ev'ry Want explain'd : (strain'd,
The Mopes grew pert, Gamesters exploded Play,
And red fac'd Nan left Nants for squeamish Tea.

This

This learned Sat'rist felt the mighty Pow'r
Of bright Celinda's Charms, nor wish'd for more:
He sigh'd, complain'd, the tuneful Muses sought,
And Panegyricks on her Beautys wrote.

Here paus'd the Sage, anon with keener Eyes,
Survey'd my Face; then, with exulting Cries,
Which eccho'd, Thou art he, pierc'd Earth and Skies. }
Then bending low, which forc'd an aged groan,
Making his Orisons, he thus began.

Thanks, mighty Pluto, thus my Thanks I send;
My Royal Master, and indulgent Friend:
By whose great Influence I my Power hold,
And freely act, by thee alone controul'd:
For this kind Gift, I'll load thy Altars high
With Henbane, Hemlock, Rue and Century:
Cold Aconite and Cypress there I'll lay,
And for a Sacrifice a Tyger slay:
Owls, Ravens, Bats, and Buzards shall be slain;
Adders and Cat's Blood shall thy Altar stain.
Whilst I invoke thy Name with hideous Cries,
The ill perfuming Stench shall reach the Skies.

Here ended his Discourse, then fumbling drew,
A Book, whose Leaves on human Body's grew:
The Infant's Blood, by cruel Herod slain,
In Characters of Hebrew did 'em stain.

A Vision. Canto 21.

He read a Page, my Blood forgot to flow,
My Senses flew, I know not where, nor how.
'Tis done, he cry'd, The Charm effectual proves;
His Hairs to Leaves, his Arms to spreading Boughs,
His Leggs to knotty Roots shall turn: This said,
Frighted, I wak'd, and found my self in Bed.

When at the Door a sudden Noise I heard;
My Sergeant knock'd, and bid me mount the Guard.

FINIS.
